

JEAN ELIOT'S  
LETTER

SUSAN DEAR:—Society, of the capital sort, both financially and alphabetically—shifted its center of interest yesterday from the National Service School at Chevy Chase to the opening of the Horse Show, which is "some show," the one involving the flower of Washington girlhood, with considerable outside additions, the other all the local equine stars, also with considerable outside additions.

We didn't quite get away from the woman in khaki, however. She was at the Horse Show—several of her—in her uniform, and seemed to have a fellow feeling for the officers whose dark blue and gold lace made bright spots in the ring during many of the events.

Julia Whiting, who was in from the camp "on leave," had laid aside her khaki for a simple tan corduroy suit; but Frances Moore, in full regimentals, was visiting from box to box.

'Twas a brilliant scene, both the grandstand and the ring! In spite of the counter attractions of the camp at Chevy Chase and the tennis tournament at the Chevy Chase Club, society was there in full force. Seldom have I seen so large a gathering at any of the horse shows. In the past there was a grand turning out of the horsey set and the army and navy contingent was well represented as usual, but I noted almost no officials. Even President and Mrs. Wilson, who were expected to appear about 3 o'clock, failed to arrive at all, to the disappointment of many.

Only a Few Diplomats  
Turned Out for Show.

Also there were few diplomats: A. Vouras, charge d'affaires of the Greek legation; Constantine B. Riano, wife of the Spanish ambassador, and J. E. Lefevre are all whom I can recall. Most of them were to be found in Mrs. Peter Gerry's box on the north side of the ring.

Count d'Adamar was in the same box, also Mrs. Paul Farnell.

There was quite a gathering of the social-elect in the neighboring boxes. Mrs. Richard Townsend was in one, Mrs. Robert Fitch Shepard in another, while Margaret Perin, wearing the tiniest little black hat that scarcely covered half of her dainty head, was near by. Mr. and Mrs. Newbold Noyes, the latter in a pink dress and a small pink toque, occupied one of those boxes, and so did Mrs. Perry Belmont. She had on an unusual hat, a good-looking black coat, elaborately embroidered, and carried a small cane with a tortoise shell handle.

Mr. Belmont spent the greater part of the afternoon roaming around, greeting friends or hanging over the rail. Some others, who seemed to fancy the rail, after paying their respects to their friends in the boxes, were J. Low Harriman, Lee D. Latimer, William A. Hill, George Wheeler, Louise Clark, with one of the Denys girls; Ned McLean, Gen. Robert Shaw Oliver, Margaret Reed, who was unusually lovely in a yellow sports hat and silk sweater of the same color; Ruth Parker and Bob Dove, Katherine Britton, in a stunning blue georgette gown; Cora Barry, Antoinette Ray, who sat on the inner rail with Lieutenant Milliken; Katherine McClintock, Evelina Gleaves, Randall Hagner, Charlie Wilson, Henri de Sibour, and dozens of others whom you know.

Boxes of Grandstand  
Are Centers of Interest.

Of course, the boxes on the grandstand proper were the center of interest. Of course, Col. and Mrs. R. M. Thompson, also Hilda Sykes, and Mr. and Mrs. Billy Hitt, who were small reception in her box. She was wearing a black chignon gown, with a huge white collar under a smaller black one, and a large black hat. In fact, large hats seemed to be worn by many of the smartest dressed women—not large hats, as we have known them for several years, but really huge ones. Mrs. Joe Letter was a large purple hat on hat and Mrs. Jerome Bonaparte had on a large black straw, trimmed with an edging of ostrich. She, with her husband and her children, were in a box, and did little rambling.

In General Buchanan's box was his daughter Helen, and Mildred and Ed Greble. He has been away for several months, so it was good to see him again, but it did seem odd for him not to have on the uniform which became him so well. He resigned from the army, you know, to go into a munitions factory. Mrs. W. F. Draper and Margaret Draper did not have guests with them in their box, but received callers during the entire afternoon. Mrs. Draper wore a striking lavender hat, piled high with hydrangeas of the same color.

Sleep Dinner  
Elaborate Event.

One of last week's dinners, which is still a topic of conversation, was the one which Congressman Shemp and his sister, Miss Jeanie Shemp, who is his official hostess, gave for Congressman and Mrs. Mann.

It was a most elaborate party, with a delectable sunken garden and a wee fountain by way of decorations, and there was good music to boot. Also the guest list was imposing, with several personages from out of town to lend lustre to the usual gathering of official folk and "residents." And the bit of the evening was the clever little book of cartoons, "The Seven Ages of Mann," which went to each guest as a souvenir.

A friend of mine, a young newspaper man, is recently in receipt of a telegram requesting him to "cover" the "conversation congress." Don't let Mr. Finchon know I said it, but isn't that a delicious rendering of the belittled National Conservation Congress? We're all still wondering whether it was intended or whether the slip may be charged up to a telegraph operator.

Gilder-McGrew  
Nuptials May 19.

To be sure it's the daughter of the late Richard Watson Gilder who is to marry Dallas McGrew. Dorothea—her very pretty name is Dorothea deKay Gilder—comes of a very talented family. She is a niece of Miss Jeanette Gilder, and her father was widely known not only as the editor of the Century Magazine, but for the delightful verses from his pen.

She herself made an excursion into the world of the stage a few years ago. Her first part was that of a flower girl in "Kismet," with Otis Skinner. Later she was in "Egypt," a play in which Margaret Anglin was the star, and also played for a short time with E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. On the program she appeared as Dorothea



MISS VIRGINIA LYLE GARDNER, Daughter of Louis F. Gardner. Will be married to Wintemute William Sloan, of Buffalo, next autumn.

are usually in evidence at the horse show.

Here and there I saw Mrs. Champ Clark, Lucy Hall, Miss MacMurray, Mrs. D. Buchanan Merriman, May Adams, Angelo Conti, Miss Maggie Hannan, Mrs. Camp Stanley, Gladys Hinckley, Mrs. Victor Cushman, and the William Ritters—they were in a box—Ethel Hickey and Mrs. Wilworth Hubbard, Laurie Smith and Mrs. Harry Baldridge, Col. and Mrs. Charles Treat, also in a box, as was Mrs. Billy Mitchell; Mrs. Chandler Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Beale Howard, Margaret Howard, Henry Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Allen, Herbert Hengeler, Mrs. Arthur Forsaker with Virginia Hammond, Margaret Devereux, Alice Goodwin, Larkin Glazebrook, Mrs. J. D. Murdaugh, Frances Traver, Capt. Dan Moore, Mrs. Lee Phillips, Frank Hyatt, Mrs. Chauncey Stigand, Mrs. Frank Andrews, Mrs. Hurley and Hildegarde Hurley, Douglas Sims with Mrs. Sims and their pretty little daughter; Mrs. Tom Bradley and little Mary Bradley, Alice Shepard with Mrs. Mark Brooke, Mrs. Ben Grey, Dick Flournoy, Bowie Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Holtzman, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Tuckerman, Mrs. Ward Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKenney, Mrs. Charlie Wheeler, Mrs. Ashdowne, Mrs. Medorem Crawford and Miss Crawford, Mrs. George Wheeler, Billy Morrow, Mrs. William Haywood, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Mrs. George Howard, and hundreds of others just as interesting.

Yes, there were horses there, though I saw little of them. I would be willing to vouch that the rest of the onlookers saw almost as little of the show, for, after all, most of the folks find the people more interesting than the horses.

The polo ponies caused a ruffle of interest. When Kenyon Leary, riding against his father, Hurl Leary, and Capt. Billy Mitchell, won the blue ribbon, he brought down the house. Billy Mitchell has only just taken up horseback riding again. He had to give it up for many months, following a severe spell of illness.

Mrs. Sinclair Bowen rode in striking black habit, also Mrs. Allen Potts, but then the show itself was very much like those which you have seen in past years.

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A Chronicle  
of Society

Ethel Harriman, Juliet Crosby, Mrs. Nathan Wyeth, Mrs. Charles Munn—these are a few of the society folk who will take part; and over so many tables have been reserved for the first night.

Summer Styles  
At Service Camp.

In spite of the fact that the principals in the scene were regulation khaki, the opening exercises of the National Service School afforded an excellent opportunity to get a hint of summer styles. It was warm, even hot, as we stood in the sunshine, and real summer togery made its appearance for the first time this season.

Gay suits of Jersey cloth, sport skirts in awning stripes and other amazing color combinations, hats striped, or painted or splashed with color in any and all manner of curious fashions, and of course the inevitable sweaters—these were the most insistent notes in a color sympathy which proclaimed that the Baket influence is abroad in the land.

Eleanor Morgan had on the best looking of the Jersey cloth suits, a wool Jersey in a lovely shade of French blue with simple Norfolk jacket lines and worn with a Panama hat banded with blue; and Dorothy McCombs wore a suit of the same character in blue and white striped silk Jersey. Beatrice Glover's huge hat was covered with bright Japanese scenes just like a parasol, and there were others equally well conversational.

As for skirts and hats to match, if you please—I couldn't take my eyes off the two Price Collier girls who were visiting the Delanos. One wore black and white stripes, two inch stripes, and the other a skirt that presented an electric blue background, with zig-zag stripes, running round, of red and green and yellow. Which sounds outrageous, but was merely gay and amusing.

Mrs. Joseph E. Thropp, who looked very distinguished in a taupe gray brocade suit, stood sponsor for a new fashion that is gaining favor, that of carrying a mammoth bag in which all one's paraphernalia may be disposed. Here is of lovely rich brocade and is gathered onto two jade rings which serve as handles and are made to slip over the wrist.

Another chic looking woman—her face was familiar but I couldn't place her—was carried a wee black parasol. It was quaintly beaded and edged with lace, while the handle had the funny little joint that we used to see in our grandmothers' sunshades. Indeed, I heard her tell some one that her parasol had belonged to her grandmother. "And my children make all manner of fun of me for using it," she continued, but it appeared eminently practical for use in a carriage or motor.

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GIRL ON SKIS WENT  
15 MILES TO MARRY

Washing Out of Roads Did Not  
Keep Miss Skinner From  
Being a Bride.

LOS ANGELES, May 7.—Skating fifteen miles over deep snowdrifts in order to be an Easter bride, Miss Helen Skinner, pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Skinner, of Pine Knot Lodge, Big Bear valley, arrived in Los Angeles the other day.

With her arrival was made the announcement of her engagement to Wesley P. Turner, young business man of this city. They were married soon.

Miss Skinner, who passed last summer at Big Bear valley, had intended to leave there for Los Angeles earlier in the season, but her parents were detained there when the lodge which they conduct was kept open until early in February. By that time all roads down the mountain had been washed out by the rains and lost under many feet of snow which fell heavily at Big Bear.

When the bride-elect learned that none of the roads would be opened until June, she declared her intention of walking down to Los Angeles, no matter how far the snow extended. Her heart was set on being a bride.

It was then learned that a stage could make its way to Dobbie, a dead mining camp on the crest of Big Bear and walked from Pine Knot Lodge to Dobbie, fifteen miles over glistening white snow that lay in an average depth of three feet. At Dobbie the party was met by a stage from Victorville.

Home Club Chorus  
Will Give Concert

Final Number of Season Arranged With Edgar Scofield as Soloist.

The Home Club Chorus, directed by Otto T. Simon, will give its final concert of the season Wednesday, May 10, at the First Congregational Church, Tenth and G streets northwest. The organization will have the assistance of Edgar Scofield, baritone, of New York city. Scofield has made a world tour in opera, singing in the principal cities of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. He will sing two groups of songs in German, French, and English.

The chorus numbers under Mr. Simon's direction will be: "Tu es Petrus," from "Christus" (Latin); romance, "My Love Dwell in a Northern Land" (English); "Where the Bee Sucks" (Arabic); two "Spirituals" (Burleigh); "The Elder Blossoms Lightly Stirred" (Koplow); "Hark, How the Birds," a madrigal, six parts (Laloe); "Hallelujah" from "Mount of Olives" (Beethoven).

Mrs. Albert Jackson and Otto T. Simon will accompany at the piano, and George H. Wilson will preside at the organ.

The concert will be under the patronage of Miss Margaret Wilson, Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mrs. Robert Lansing, Mrs. William Gibbs McAdoo, Mrs. David P. Houston, Mrs. William Eustis, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Gibson Falmesbeck, Mrs. Hennen Jennings, and Mrs. Harlan.

Save Erring Husband,  
Court's Advice to Wife

DES MOINES, Iowa, May 7.—The Iowa supreme court, in session here, handed down several Solomonoid decisions. In one ruling the court held that confession of a crime on the part of a husband does not constitute grounds for divorce proceedings.

"It becomes a wife," said the court, "to prefer criminal charges against her husband. She took him and better for worse, and she should try to redeem him."

In the same decision the court defined an habitual drunkard as "one who becomes even moderately intoxicated whenever the opportunity is presented."

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Playground Tennis  
Tourney Wins Many  
Recruits for Sport

School Pupils Adopting Play as  
Recreation and Courts Are  
Crowded Constantly.

COMPETITION IS VERY KEEN

Week's Play Opens With Four  
Sets That Promise Close  
Contests.

With four sets that promise to be closely contested, the second week's play in the city-wide tennis tournament will begin tomorrow.

The Bloomingdale, Georgetown, Rosedale, and Gallinger playgrounds will be the scene of tomorrow's games. There were no games yesterday.

Players are striving not only for individual medals offered by the District playground department, but for eight trophies offered by The Washington Times, one to go to the winning team on each of the eight playgrounds.

These team trophies, which will be displayed in the schools the teams represent, have added a zest to the competition. Rosters are out on every playground for the games, and there is much talk of "favorites" and "dark horses," likewise of the technical points of the game.

Not only is the interest keen in the competition, playground instructors say, but pupils are turning to tennis as a form of recreation in large numbers.

In the hours when the courts are not being used for the tournament games they are used continuously.

Already children are trying to get on

Fraternity Banquet  
At University Club

The Washington Alumni Senate and the Edward Douglass White Senate of the Delta Theta Phi Law Fraternity of Georgetown University law department held their annual banquet last evening at the University Club.

Among those who spoke were Prof. Frank J. Hogan, on "Some Real Story," Arthur M. Grove on "The Spirit of a Fraternity Pin," Harry M. Carroll, who delivered a message from the National Senate; Charles J. Murphy on "The Relations of the Fraternity to the College," Hugh T. Carter, on "Looking Forward," and Arden E. Bing on "Fraternity and Friendship."

The committee on arrangements was made up of Fred D. Glesler, chairman; Donald D. Long, A. Kenneth McRae, Jr., George Morrissey, and Fred Rose.

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Monday's Program  
In Tennis Tourney

Bloomingdale playground —  
Brookland vs. Eckington.  
Georgetown playground—Jack-  
son vs. Curtis.  
Rosedale playground — Taylor  
vs. Wheatley.  
Gallinger playground—Grant  
vs. Toner.

other courts to play, and the tournament promises to develop hundreds of devotees to a sport which playground officials believe to be one of the most healthful and beneficial young folk can enjoy.

The Brookland and Eckington schools will meet at the Bloomingdale grounds, the Jackson and Curtis at the Georgetown courts, Taylor and Wheatley at the Rosedale and Grant vs. Tyler at the Gallinger playground.

Though the season at the Gallinger grounds opened later than at the others, the interest is keen there, and some lively sport is promised tomorrow.

Uses Gold Pieces as  
Buttons for His Coat

KANSAS, CITY, Mo., May 7.—Travelers gasped and depot ushers made a center rush for the entrance at the Union Station as a tall Westerner, his coat gleaming with yellow buttons, came through the door.

"Sure," said the stranger. "I'm Fred McCormack, land man, of Reno, Nev. We grow money in my country."